Tramp

Kimbrough, Junior

Tramp, what you call me? Tramp, you didn't
You don't wear continental clothes or Stetson hats
Well, I tell you one dog-gone thing
It makes me feel good to know one thing
I know I'm a lover, matter of opinion
That's all right, mama was, papa too
And I'm the only child, lovin' is all I know to do
You know what, Otis? What?
You're country, that's all right
You straight from the Georgia woods, that's good
You know what? You wear overalls
And big old Brogan shoes
And you need a haircut, Tramp
Haircut? Woman, you foolin'
Ooh, I'm a lover
Mama was, grand ma was, papa too
Boogaloo, all that stuff
And I'm the only son-of-a-gun
This side of the sun, Tramp
You know what, Otis? I don't care what you say
You're still a tramp, what? That's right
You haven't even got a fat bankroll in your pocket
You probably haven't even got twenty-five cents
I got six Cadillacs, five Lincolns, four Fords
Six Mercuries, three T-Birds, Mustang
Ooh, I'm a lover, what 'bout me
My mama was, my papa too
I tell you one thing, well tell me
I'm the only son-of-a-gun, yeah
On, this side of sun
You're a tramp, Otis, no, I'm not
I don't care what you say
You're still a tramp, what's wrong with that?
Look here, you ain't got no money
I got everything
You can't buy me all those minks and sables
And all that stuff I want
I can buy you minks, rats, frogs, squirrels
Rabbits, anything you want, woman

Look, you can go out in the Georgia woods
And catch them, baby, oh, you foolin'
You're still a tramp, that's all right
You a tramp, Otis, you just a tramp
That's all right
You wear overalls, you need a haircut, baby
Cut of some of that hair, baby
You think you're a lover, huh?

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